

OF

Alterations strange,  
 Of various *Signes*,  
 Heere are Compos'd  
 A few Poetick Lines :  
 Heere you may finde, VVhere  
 You this Book have read,  
 The *Crowne's* transform'd,  
 Into the *Poets Head*.

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Read well : Be merry and wise.

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Written by *John Taylor*.

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**I** oft have seen a Saints bead for a Signe,  
 And many a Kings head too, then why not misse 2  
 As every bare untruth is not a Lye,  
 So Signes are not the things they signifie.  
 All Lyes are Lyes, but Metaphors and Fictions  
 Are Morrals, not Truths reall contradictions.  
 Some lyes may run out of a Poets Standish,  
 (By Art or Nature, native, or outlandish)  
 But if he be a Poet right, his quill  
 No Blasphemy or Scandall will distill:  
 Nor can he lye, for with Similitudes,  
 With fancies and with fictions he alludes,  
 From things Terrestriall to Cœlestiall things,  
 From Cottages unto the Thrones of Kings.  
 True Poesie doth not consist in Rhime,  
 It scornes to be a slave to times or time:  
 A Poet right will suffer pinching want,  
 And to no greatnesse be a Sycophant.

A 3

He'l

He'l weare his thread-bare Suite as thin as Serge,  
 And hates to come within the flatterers Verge:  
 Necessity doth quick invention lend him,  
 And Appetite (his page) doth still attend him;  
 He rather will fare hard, with no soales booted,  
 Then write base adulating lines splay-footed;  
 Such Roguish stufte as wisdome will deride,  
 which none will read but wits who are squint-ey'd,  
 whose Brains are Cork, whose Fancies all are Feather,  
 Right Shuttlecocks, tost here, there, hither, thither.  
 These sons of ignorance which praise advance  
 The Rhiming Rascall brood of Ignorance,  
 These are the Patrons of such sorded wits,  
 who vent their pilfred lines by girds and fits,  
 But as a Fidler's a Musicians Ape,  
 And on the Art of Musick makes a Rape,  
 So puffy Poetasters doe beguile  
 Admiring Fooles, and steale a Poets stile:  
 Such Poets Sponges are, at meales and Feasts,  
 And there they steale and pocket up stale Jestis:  
 There every flash and excrement of wit  
 He catches, pickles up, makes use of it.  
 Old jeers and Bulls, and clenches set him on  
 Parnassius top, there findes he Hellicon;  
 There in the well of Tempe he hath lap'd,  
 And with Enthusiastick Rhapsures Rap'd,

That

That straight he is a Poet for these times,  
 And beyond reason write most grievous Rhimes.  
 This scraping, thieving Knave can with compleaſures  
 Flatter, and fawne, and lick the tayle of greatnes.  
 Such are the swarmes of paper and ink-spillers,  
 The ſcorne of Poets, goodwits Caterpillers.  
 To make a Poet doth all Art out-strip;  
 Hee's th' maſter piece of Heavenly workmanſhip,  
 He is Angellically Intellected  
 With Rhaptures, and of God and man reſpected;  
 Adorn'd with nature ſo, that Art is ſtill  
 His ſervant, and a Subject to his quill.  
 Right Poets are Apollo's onely Heires,  
 And though wealth comes but ſeldome to their ſhares,  
 To each of them contentment is a bliſſe,  
 And to them all Their minde a Kingdome is.  
 They are the Muſes Darlings, and their Lays  
 To immortality can Mortals raiſe,  
 Whoſe ſugred Numbers, and Mellifluous Verſe  
 Doth ſeaſon Good Capacities, and pierce  
 Ingenious noble mindes with ſuch a touch,  
 That good Inventions with't are mended much.  
 He that doth underſtand a Verſe abhors  
 ſuch lines as are not curl'd with Metaphors,  
 Adorn'd with flowing Wit, with Sence embellish'd,  
 (which only is to ignorance diſreliſh'd)

*Lowſie Hexameters, and limping Rimes,  
 Are much in uſe theſe Loggerheaded times.  
 The world is Aged, Age is apt to dote,  
 And boasters of the Spirit which talke by rote,  
 Their wits are crooked warpt, their wiſdome blind,  
 Their judgements with ſur'd ignorance warm lin'd.  
 Ballads are precious Poetry with them,  
 (The Cock reſpects the Corne, reſpects the Jewne)  
 Their weather-cock opinions will prefer  
 Baſe ſcurrill ſcandalls of each Libeller,  
 Whilſt all the Poets who have ever writ  
 Such lines as ſcald the altitude of wit,  
 Are by ſuch dunghils hated, ſcorn'd, diſpis'd,  
 Of no eſteem at all or too low priz'd:  
 To ſuch I will not write a line of mine,  
 A Halter fits them better then a line.  
 Draſſe's ſit for Hogs, there's Rhiming Knaves enow;  
 Sir-reverence is a Pancake for a Sow.  
 As Homer for his worth was Greece's Fame,  
 So for his want he was the Grecians ſhame;  
 His lines gave them fames immortallity,  
 And they let him live poore and beggerly;  
 No place would own his birth nillt he had liſe,  
 But when he dy'd ſeven Cities were at ſtriſe,  
 And like together by the eares to fall,  
 T'be honour'd with his bones and Funerall:*

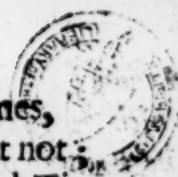
He



*He was the Prince of Poets, and since he  
 A begger was, 'tis no great shame to me :  
 For I that am so short of him in wit,  
 To be in wealth before him 'twere unfit.  
 My spirits Pegassus is Fancy, and  
 My Muse doth Ride, and flee o're sea and Land,  
 From every Coast and Clime, North, South, west, East,  
 She brings me curious Cates to feed and feast :  
 Sometimes a Dish of Sonnets sweet she brings ;  
 Sometimes Heroick Acts of famous things :  
 Iambicks, Saphicks, Odes, and Epigrams,  
 Tart Satires, Chronograms, and Anagrams,  
 Epithalamiums, Epicediums, Cantoes,  
 Harmonious Measures, Canzoes, and Corantoes,  
 Sad Eligies, and merry Madrigals ;  
 These are right Poets sumptuous Feastsivals.  
 All these and more are my contented cheare  
 Though Butchers flesh and poultry n are be deare.  
 These are to me Hen, Capon, Turkey, Quaille,  
 Duck, Hare, Goose, Mallard, Woodcock, Snipe, or Rayle,  
 My Pig, and Partridge, widgeon, Pigeon, Pheasant ;  
 With these (Camelion-like) I live most pleasant.  
 For full paunch'd Gormondizing Gluttony  
 With Poets hold no correspondency :  
 The ones delight's a moments luscious taste,  
 The other feeds on that shall ever last :*

One, with a minutes joy his pallat pleaseith :  
 The other takes repast that never ceaseith.  
 The Emp'rour Maximinus us'd to eat  
 At every dinner forty pounds of meat,  
 with bread, fruit, wine, which downe his throat did goe,  
 He eat no supper sure that dined so.  
 The Emperour Geta had his Dishes set  
 After the order of the Alphabet :  
 The Flesh, fish, fowle, whose names with A begun,  
 First into his Imperiall panch must run :  
 And so to B, C, D, E, F, and G,  
 H, I, K, L, M, N, with O, and P.  
 Q, R, S, T, V, W, X, Y, Z. Zed,  
 Their mighty Majesties thus dayly fed.  
 Such Monsters as these were Biberius Mero,  
 And so was Romes great Tyrant, bloudy Nero :  
 Such was Vitellius, Heliogabalus,  
 Such was th' Assyrian Sardanapa<sup>us</sup> is.  
 Such would Nick Wood of Kent, and Marriot be,  
 If they had had such wealth and dignity.  
 But none of these did ever study spend  
 To be a Poet, or a Poets friend :  
 If they to Learning any love had bore, { more.  
 Their teeth had wrought much lesse, their braines much  
 If euer Poet grac'd a Kingdomes Throne,  
 King James was Hee, the one, and onely one.  
 as a names honest Poet wrote of Poetry.





It is not drest in Rags of lowlie Rhimes,  
 To please such Gulls as understand it not;  
 It soares a pitch above these Haggard Times,  
 And flights the censure of each Cockbraind Sor.  
 King James his Crowne was made of Massie gold,  
 His Crown of Lawrell was more excellent:  
 The one consuming time will waste and mould,  
 The other everlasting permanent.

*Thus when old time hath wasted Tomb and Hearse,  
 True Honour is preserv'd by lasting Verse.  
 Time, Tomb, and black oblivion will devoure  
 Their Honours that dares slight a Poets power.  
 'Twas not Achilles Sword, but Homers Pen  
 Made worthy Hector chiefeſt Man of Men.  
 who had e're heard of Alexanders fame,  
 If Quintus Curtius had not wrote the ſame?  
 A Poets love is lovely, but his hate  
 Can ſtrike great Kings beneath the foot of Fate.  
 The ſword cuts ſharp, kills Sires, and ſpares the ſons:  
 The Pens keene ſtroke a generation runs.  
 Two men, nam'd Hypponax and Bibullus,  
 Poet and Painter, dwelt in Ephesus:  
 The Poet had th'ill ſourqured ſt face and feature,  
 That ſcarce the like had any two-leg'd creature;*

*And*

And he such sharpe satyrick lines could write,  
 which would both smart and rankle, where they bite.  
 The Painter made the Picture of the Poet  
 So ill shap'd, that all men that did but know it,  
 Did every one poore Hipponax much jeare  
 With scornes and scoffes, and many a flout and jeare.  
 The Poet on revenge did meditate,  
 And (from the Limbeck of's distilling pate)  
 He (gainst the Painter) wrote harsh lines, so furious,  
 That Buballus did hang himselfe most curious.  
 And I do wish, all that are Poet haters  
 were as that Painter, or his Imitaters.  
 So I that am a Poet, old forlorne,  
 (Lov'd by the learn'd, and ignorances scorne)  
 worne from my waxing, to the lowest weine,  
 Though time tread on me, I dare turne againe,  
 As doth a worme; but I perceive and see  
 My Muse and Pen, both curb'd and muzzled bee;  
 That (over us) there's Lincean watch,  
 That we (poore fooles) dare neither bite or scratch;  
 Yet had I all free liberty, I hate  
 To meddle with Authority or State,  
 Or write a line that scandall may produce,  
 Or be the present Governments abuse:  
 For States are men, no State so perfect is,  
 But some things (many things) are oft amisse.

For 'tis a maxime, all men have receiv'd  
 To be deceivers, and to be deceived.  
 I serv'd two Kings full five and forty yeare,  
 Am now growne old, bald, with some hoary haire :  
 Besides, seven times Elizabeth I serv'd  
 At Sea, and from my Loyalty ne'r swerved :  
 Now Kingly Government expuls'd is,  
 I must live in obedience under This :  
 From those two Kings I had such meanes to live,  
 And (with those means) a willing minde to give :  
 But now I am a Taker, and no Giver,  
 From which poore state good Jesus me deliver :  
 Ten yeares are past, since penny pay I had,  
 For my unlucky fortune is so bad,  
 That though I was a Teoman of the Guard,  
 And that my fellowes some poore pay have shar'd :  
 Though (as a Waterman) much pay is due,  
 Yet not one groat will unto me accrew :  
 Though no man in a poorer state then I,  
 Aged 72. in extreame poverty ;  
 Since first these wofull cruel wars began,  
 I ne'r bare armes, I was no martiall man :  
 I ne'r saw slaughtring swords drawn from their sheaths,  
 Or mangled men destroyd with various deaths.  
 A paire of Crutches all my weapons were,  
 Wherewith I crawl'd in Oxford nigh three yeere :  
 For I was lame, and my Impossibum'd leg  
 My Patent was, with priviledge to beg :

Thus

Thus Lameness was my fault, my griefe, my blame,  
 And this did get me a Malignants name.  
 Petitions there hath been two hundred given,  
 To shew to what extreame want we are driven,  
 Whereby few of us some reliefe have got,  
 But not one crosse to my unlucky lot;  
 Necessity and I both married bee,  
 In love and fellowship we both agree.  
 Shee made m<sup>e</sup> a Merchant (now most Trades do faile)  
 A Trade in Ale, and sell it by retaile:  
 My Signe was once the Crowne, but now it is  
 Chang'd by a sudden Metamorphosis,  
 The Crowne was taken down, and in the stead  
 Is plac'd John Taylors, or the Poets Head.  
 Indeed these are the dayes of Transformation,  
 In ten years time hath fall'n some alteration.  
 For Charing-Crosse, that had stood times and lives,  
 Is turn'd to Salt-sellers, and hepts for Knives.  
 A Tavern where Saint Martins Picture was,  
 Is turn'd t<sup>a</sup> Goat that ne're eat hay or grasse.  
 The Salutation, or Annunciation,  
 Is made two Gallants with sweet salutation;  
 Signes subject are to mutability,  
 And seldome are the things they signifie.  
 The Signes of Kings heads are not heads of Kings:  
 The Signes of Fountains are no watry Springs:  
 Blew Bores, Black Swans, and Maiden-heads are signes:  
 Grapes are but Signes, 'tis pressing makes 'em Wines.

So

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So is a Poet with oppression prest,  
 Want squeeſeth him, and then he writeth beſt.  
 The Painter hath his fancy, I did ſee,  
 And looking on two Loggerheads made three :  
 And I have ſeen Saints Heads for Signes hang'd up,  
 And Sir John Oldcaſtle with a quaffing Cup ;  
 The Signes of many a Kings Head, many a Queene,  
 Popes, Biſhops, Arius, Taurus, I have ſeene  
 Their Heads ſet up for Signes; likewise I have  
 Seen Goats heads, with their beards like Townſmen Grave,  
 Rams beads, Boares heads, Bulls heads, all heads that are,  
 The Painiers Art deſcribes them neare and far :  
 The Sun and Moon are Gods ſigns, but yet they 1. Gen.  
 Are Tavern Signes, where men waſte time away.  
 I Knew a Time (when times were not ſo evil)  
 There was a famous Taverne, call'd the Devill ;  
 But 'twas a nick-name that the houſe did beare,  
 For I have found good entertainment there.  
 In great Apollo (no man ſeem'd to gull us)  
 My father Ben and I ſar'd like Lucullus : M. John-  
 Thus Poetry, and painting in commixion ſon.  
 Do correſpond in fancy, and in fiction ;  
 Both lik'd alike, alike diſliked both,  
 As various humours like to like or loath.  
 Of Poets I have ſomewhat ſayd before,  
 And now of Painiers Ile ſay ſomewhat more.  
 The Painters cheated, for I am acquainted  
 With ſundry Signes that never yet were painted :

The



The crooked Billet who e're painted, who  
 The Gridir'ne Paint ? who did the Horse-shoe doe ?  
 Or tell mee, honest Reader, if you can,  
 What man's so mad to paint a Frying-Pan ?  
 A Painter seldome doth paint whores, for they  
 Themselves do with a Pox paint every day.  
 A Painter right is like a Poet true :  
 Ultra Maria is the chiefest Blew ;  
 They in their Art are downright, just, and plaine,  
 True honesty they have dy'd deep in graine.  
 A painter did my Picture Gratis make,  
 And ( for a Signe ) I hang'd it for his sake.  
 One De la Roche, here many yeares hath bin  
 Fam'd for Teeth-drawing out, and setting in :  
 He dwells close by Fleet Bridge, and there I saw  
 His Picture hang'd, which was a Signe to draw  
 Such as were griev'd with tooth tormenting paine,  
 He drew, and in their place set new againe.  
 My Picture likewise hangs to draw, but not  
 Teeth, but Ale, nappy as e're came in Pot :  
 Now if my Pictures drawing can prevayle,  
 'Twill draw my friends to me, and I'll draw Ale.  
 Two strings are better to a Bow then one,  
 And Poetry doth me small good alone :  
 So Ale alone yields but small meanes to me,  
 Except it have some spice of Poesie.  
 Take of a spark of wit some pretty Cantle,  
 And toast it for your Ale, 'twill make it mantle.



For Poetry with Ale together Brew'd  
 Doth mount mens wits into an ALEitude.  
 Blinde Fortune is to Poetry unkind;  
 And Poets wast their wits, and win but wind.  
 A Poet's like a Candle, that burns bright,  
 And spends himselfe in giving others light.  
 But Ale and I together will agree,  
 I'll make the Barrell light, and Ale lights me.  
 And (to conclude) a Satyre I'll relate,  
 To shew how Ale will valour Elevate;  
 How it can make man vapour and extoll (troll :  
 Himselfe, that from his tongue both armes and Ays will  
 If he be in his Ale, no man comes neare him,  
 Provided you'll believe him when you heare him,  
 His Travels then will mighty volumes fill,  
 Beyond our famous Sir John Mandevill,  
 And to his reputation 'twere a blot,  
 To put him in the rank of Don Quixot.  
 He past the Zones, Phrygia, and Torrida,  
 Surveigh'd the South world, call'd Incognita,  
 And there he saw Great Gorgons empty, Scull  
 So bigge, foure Bushels scarce could fill it full.  
 At Stamboioya (a most stately Port;  
 where the Emperor great Robombo keepes his Court :  
 There in a Shamaranguah (which we call  
 A Chappell) was a building round and tall,  
 where as the huge Gargantuas corps were laid,  
 The Tombe is a full Furlongs length 'tis said ;

Built of a Polisht stone like Crimson jet,  
 (Surpassing far the Tombe of Mahomet)  
 Enchac'd with precious Stones that dims the sight,  
 That none can look on't, it doth shine so bright.  
 From thence he past the streights of Magellan,  
 And feasted was by mighty Pouhatan,  
 where' mongst a world of dainties to be brieft,  
 A Phoenix stew'd in white-broath was the chiefe.  
 Tut, it will tire a man to heare him halfe,  
 He hath seen Miloes Bull, and Walthams Calfe;  
 The Monmouth Cap of famous Owen Glendor,  
 And three eye tee of th' ancient witch of Endor:  
 Ischariots Lanthorne, at Saint Dennisis,  
 Th' Ephesian Dian, at the Louvre is:  
 The Amphitheater that's at Ullismos,  
 The Pirramids of Egypt, or the Istmos,  
 That parts Utopia from faire Theffaly,  
 Or lofty Atlas that doth prop the sky.  
 If all be true he sayes, we may him call  
 The God of wars Lieutenant Generall:  
 No Turk or Tartar, Moor, or Mirmidon,  
 Such valiant exployts hath under-gone:  
 He learn'd wars Horn-booke first, and did not stint,  
 But past his Grammer Rules was perfect in't;  
 He first began with trayning, Mustring, Drilling,  
 Before he came to fighting, or to killing:  
 To March, to put his men in Files, and Ranks,  
 To order a Batalia, wings, or Flanks,

To lead the Vaunt-guard, or bring up the Reare;  
 To be here, there, (and almost every where)  
 To guide and mannage men, and make them stoit,  
 Double your Ranks and Files, faces about:  
 He serv'd the Turk nine years a Renegado,  
 Where often time he felt the Bastinado;  
 And though he wore a Coat of Bare-freezado,  
 Yet there he learn'd the Art of a Soldado,  
 T' affront an Enemy with a Braveado,  
 To make a Battery, and to use Scalado;  
 To use Petards, Engines, wild-fire, Granado,  
 T' intrap the foe by secret Ambuscado;  
 To Raise, Mount, Parrapet, or Camifado;  
 To make a strength more strong with Canvasado;  
 With his good sword to use the Imbrocado;  
 The Punto, the Reverso, the Stockado:  
 And for Land service or the Sea Armado,  
 He knows a roll of Match from Trinidado.  
 His Musick, Drums, Guns, Cannons, thundring rore,  
 As if the Welkin were in totters tore;  
 The Harquebuz and Muskets goe pit, pat,  
 Towers, Castles, Forts, and Citadels layd flat:  
 Mines, Countermines, Assaults, Repulses, Sallies,  
 Whilst Horse and men slaine strow the Fields and Vallies,  
 Battalia's, Battries, Breaches, Armies, Armes,  
 Broyles, Garboyles, hot Encounters, fierce Alarims &  
 Fortifications, Camps, Redoubts, and Trenches,  
 Vamures, and Countermures, Walls, Sconces, Fences;

On-sets and On-slaughts he hath been upon,  
 He blew up Tauris, conquer'd Babylon :  
 He stood perdue beneath the frozen Zone,  
 Turn'd to a man of Ice, or Christall Stone.  
 The same day Mars his Valour did inspire  
 And thaw'd him brave, with Sulphur, smoak, and fire.  
 He in the Battell seem'd a man all flame,  
 In smouldring Powder, he that day o'recame  
 The Tartar Chrim, and near to Samercand,  
 He with Mackougly Shaugh, fought hand to hand.  
 The Leaguers, and the Sieges he hath seen,  
 The dreadfull dangers where he oft hath been :  
 He hath daunc'd Antiques in a Crimson Flood,  
 And swom Levoltæes in a sea of blood :  
 In greatest perrils he would bravely on,  
 His throat belch'd fog, and flames like Phlegeton,  
 Thus Sallamander like, he oft hath been  
 In scorching flasbes, and three winters in  
 An Icie coat, like Armour shining bright.  
 He serv'd the Pole, against the Muscovite,  
 He hath laine down to sleep a Mar, in show,  
 And rose a Snow-ball, or a Ball of Snow.  
 Like the Camelion, (not to food inclin'd)  
 He liv'd by sucking the cold Northern wind :  
 Fam'd by the blast of Fame, that swiftly flies,  
 Compounding and confounding truth and lies.  
 He hath a Blade (if his report be true)  
 wherewith he sixteen desperate Corporals slew ;

And

*And eight Lieverenants he out-right hath kill'd,  
 Foure Valiant Serjants he hath slain in Field:  
 Two Noble Captains and one Generall,  
 His fury, force perforce did force to fall.  
 Blades broke, and batter'd Hilts, he hath had more  
 Then any Castle can contain the store;  
 He had a Rapier, sharpe, pure Castilliano,  
 With which he gor'd and kill'd a great Umbrano,  
 For guided with an Arme and courage fierce,  
 It quite through double Cannon prooffe will pierce.  
 He'll Guard himselfe from any Bullets fall;  
 His Sword's his Racket, and the shot the Ball,  
 Which though it swiftly come, he's so quick-ey'd,  
 That with his Morglay he would turne't aside:  
 With the same Bilbo, once he madly strikes  
 And crop'd the tops off, from a Grove of Pikes:  
 Thus fighting oft in Winter, and in Summer,  
 He had more wounds then holes are in a Scummer.  
 A thousand blotts and bruises, knocks and cuts  
 He hath receiv'd; eight times shot through the guts.  
 He was in Leagure late before Breda,  
 Associate with the Marquesse Spinola:  
 And being in a Boat upon the water,  
 A Musket shot ran through his Piamater,  
 It pierc'd his Perricranion, that his brain  
 Was taken out and wash'd, put in again.  
 Yet all these wounds, and all his desperate matches,  
 He calls them petty hurts, or simple scratches:*

He was a maul'd once at Berghen ap Zone,  
 Boyes call'd him Raw-head there, and Bloudy-bone.  
 From thence he tooke his Journey into Flanders,  
 And so to England, where he cants and maunders;  
 Where though hee be not now the man he was,  
 For an old beaten Souldier he may passe.  
 The fruits of Ale are unto Drunkards such,  
 To make 'em swear and lye that drink too much:  
 But my Ale (being drunk with moderation)  
 will quench thirst, and make merry Recreation.  
 My Book and Signe were publish'd for two ends,  
 T'invite my honest civill, sober Friends:  
 From such as are not such, I kindly pray,  
 Till I send for 'em, let 'em kee p awa y  
 From Phoenix Alley, the Globe Taverna neare,  
 The middle of Long-Aker: I dwell there.

JOHN TAYLOR,

Poeta Aquatica.

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FINIS.



